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CONNUBIAL AFFECTION.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, adversity's bitterest blasts. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is razed by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of nature, tenderly supporting the head, and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity, if otherwise, they are there to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed, that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion, by the necessity of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self respect kept alive by finding, though all abroad in darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run waste and self neglected, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart falls to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

SYNONYMOUS TERMS.

GENUINE—AUTHENTIC.

Genuine is original, not counterfeit: authentic is certain, not doubtful. A genuine lease; an authentic history: a genuine record, and an authentic copy of it. What is genuine remains in its primitive form, unchanged in every respect; if it be changed in any manner, it ceases to be genuine: what is authentic rests upon indisputable authority; if the authority upon which it stands be in any degree questionable, it is not authentic.

AUTHOR—WRITER.

The word author refers to the substance of a work: the word writer to the style or dress of it. A great author is distinguished by his profound learning and important discoveries: a fine writer by the delicacy of his sentiments, the beauty of his language, and the fine coloring his imagination spreads over them. We say a great, an eminent author: and a fine, a beautiful, or an elegant writer. Sir Isaac Newton is a great author: Addison and Gibbon are fine writers.

ASTRONOMY—ASTROLOGY.

Astronomy teaches the situation and motion of the heavenly bodies: Astrology pretends to explain their influence on human affairs. Astronomy is founded on knowledge: astrology on fancy. Astronomy belongs to the learned: astrology to the ignorant. An astrologer bears the same relation to an astronomer, that a quack does to a physician.

TO AWAKE—TO AWAKEN.

The former verb relates to the body: the latter to the mind. You yourself awake, or you awake another from sleep: and you yourself awaken, or you awaken another from a delusion, or you awaken in the breast of another a passion that lay dormant there.

POET—BARD.

The word poet is a general term, or compellation, applied to all these who in any country, or at any time, have written poems: thus Homer and Pindar, Virgil and Horace, Milton and Pope were poets. The term bard is particularly applied to the ancient poets of the northern nations: thus we read of the Welsh bards, the Scotch bards, the Irish bards, &c.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind;
He dream'd of his home—of his dear native bowers,—
And pleasures that waited on life's early morn,
While memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn;—
Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise.
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes;
The jessamine clumbers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from the nest in the wall.
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call:
A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,—
His cheek is imperl'd with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear!
The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast—
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest:—
Oh, God! thou hast blest me—I ask for no more.
And whence is that flame, which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which alarms his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky,—
'Tis the crushing of thunders—the groan of the sphere.
He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire—
Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wings o'er the waves.
Oh, sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight,
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd bright—
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?
Oh, sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay,
Unblessed, and unhonoured, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom thy frame shall decay:
No tomb shall e'er plead for remembrance to thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of wave shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge;
On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below:
Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy body for ever and aye,
Oh, sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul.

BIZARRE.

DUBLIN

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